

The One In My Obsession by misfitsbabe

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fantasizing, M/M, Slow Build, Slow Burn, Smut, Teasing

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington

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Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

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Summary:

More spit wads were gingerly tossed onto Steve's desk, into his hair, on his shoulders and one last one down the back of his shirt. Steve had an amazingly high tolerance Billy had to give him that, he took it like a champ. The thought drifted to picturing what else he could take, would he be good at all the dirty little things Billy wanted to do to him?

The sudden awareness surprised Billy. Rejecting it to the back of his mind he refocused on the pent up anger he'd been harboring since Max had almost smashed in his junk. There was no one else to make suffer, no one but Steve Harrington, with his soft hair, pale freckled skin, pink lips, and his big brown doe eyes. Again the image of him pushing Steve's face down into the back seat of his car while he fucked him into oblivion popped into his head, the sounds he would make.

Billy slumped down into his seat and watched Steve squirm trying to get the paper from his shirt, the wetness made him shiver as it trailed down his spine. Crossing his arms over his chest Billy looked away no longer interested in the passive Steve, why wouldn't he just fight back a little?

(Just a rough start, more to come)

The One In My Obsession

As the teacher droned on about something Billy had no interest in relearning he opted for a little light teasing, balling up some paper he popped it into his mouth and chewed it to the perfect consistency. Not too hard, not too mushy, perfect spit to paper ratio. Looking over at Steve who was sitting one chair up across one row busy scribbling down notes, the sweetest of smirks crossed Billy's lips as he hurled the ball at him.

Perking up upon impact Steve brushed the ball off his neck shaking his hand off after he felt the wetness of it. With a sound of disgust he glared back over his shoulder at Billy who was giving him the a look that was too complicated for Steve to pick apart.

"Mr. Harrington, is Mr. Hargrove saying something more interesting than my lesson?" The teacher questioned annoyed.

"No, sir." Steve answered turning back to his notes.

Amused and a little enticed by the look on Steve's face along with the sound of his complying voice Billy started chewing on more paper. The next ball stuck to his cheek, with a heavy sigh he wiped it away choosing to ignore Billy, but the next hit his lower lip and that made Steve recoil.

"Will you stop fidgeting? It's very disruptive to the class."

Again Steve muttered a soft polite comply. Billy leaned forward in his chair tongue running over his top canine in an almost seductive manner, he'd seen Steve in action and it was thrilling. Best high this town had to offer, hitting Steve over and over, being hit back, watching his face turn with anger, fear, pain. Feeling his knuckles bruise pale soft skin, blood painting his face, copper in his mouth matching the pain in his lips, perched so perfectly on top of his small warm body.

"Hargrove! If you feel the need to watch Mr. Harrington so closely go sit behind him and stop bothering the rest of the class with your absurd faces." The teacher hissed.

Looking up at the clearly angry man he gave him a small smirk before getting up from his seat and moving over to the chair behind Steve. The sound of defeat that Steve gave was music to his ears, Billy ruffled Steve's hair giving it a small tug at the end wanting to gauge his reaction to the contact. It only made Steve groan and pull as far forward in his chair as he could.

How interesting.

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